(Continued from last week.

CHAPTER XXXI.

bearing the princely crest of Daws-

bergen and meant for Prince Dantan

and his sister Candace. In the part of

the castle set apart for the visitors an

important consultation was held be-

hind closed doors. There Dantan met

his countrymen and permitted them to

renew the pledge of fealty that had

been shattered by the overpowering

influence of his mad baif brother.

What took place at this secret meet-

ing the outside world never knew.

Only the happy result was made

known. Prince Dantan was to resume

his reign over Dawsbergen as if it

The castle, brilliant from bottom to

top, filled with music and laughter.

experienced a riot of happiness such

as 't had not known in years. The

war clouds had lifted, the sunshine of

contentment was breaking through the

darkness; and there was rejoicing in

the hearts of all. Bright and glorious

were the colors that made up the har-

mony of peace. Men and women of

high degree came to the historic old

walls garbed in the riches of royalty

and nobility. To Beverly Calhoun it

was the most enchanting sight she had

ever looked upon. From the galleries

she gazed down into the halls glitter-

ing with the wealth of Graustark and

was conscious of a strange feeling of

glorification. She felt that she had a

part in this jubilee. With Candace she

descended the grand staircase and

She was the center of attraction.

Dressed in a simple, close fitting gown

of black velvet, without an ornament,

her white arms and shoulders gleaming

in the soft light from the chandellers.

she was an enticing creature to be ad-

mired by men and women alike. Two

stalwart Americans felt their hearts

bound with pride as they saw the con-

quest their countrywoman was mak-

ing. Candace, her constant companion

in these days, was consumed with de-

"You are the prettiest thing in all

this world," she ecstatically whispered

into Beverly's ear. "My brother says

so, too," she added conclusively. Bev-

erly was too true a woman not to revel

The great banquet hall was to be

thrown open at midnight. There were

dancing and song during the bours

leading up to this important event.

Beverly was entranced. She had seen

brilliant affairs at home, but none of

them compared to this in regal splen-

dor. It was the sensious, overpower-

rect to the little circle of which Bev-

erly and Candace formed the center

him a new distinction that quite over-

came Beverly. They fell into an ani-

mated conversation, exchanging shafts

of wit that greatly amused those who

our playground. We now go to Eu-

could understand the language.

Does the transition startle year

"Isn't Baldon or your beaut" she ask

gallettes and bound in see him you was wondering force he would appear

She was valued to tape that he

came for was some a free the some

see the sights.

returned.

Prince Dantan Joined the throng just

in this subtle flattery.

ing splender of the east.

mingled with the respiendent crowd.

never had been interrupted.

afternoon.

HE Duke of Matz and his asso-

ciates reached Edelweiss in the

and servants carried luggage

Their attendants

dregs, not riches and wine. It will

But she placed her hand upon his lips, shaking her head emphatically. The picture he was painting was the same one that she had studied for days and days. Its very shadow was familiar to her, its every unwholesome corner was as plain as day.

"The rest of the world may think what it likes, Paul," she said. "It will make no difference to me. I have awakened from my dream. My dream prince is gone, and I find that it's the real man that I love. What would you have me do? Give you up becase you are poor? Or would you have me go up the ladder of fame and prosperity with you, a humble but adoring burden? I know you, dear. You will not always be poor. They may say what they like. I have thought long and well, because I am not a fool. It is the American girl who marries the titled foreigner without love that is a fool. Marrying a poor man is too serious a business to be handled by fools I have written to my father, telling him that I am going to marry you," she announced. He gasped with unbellef.

"You have, already?" he cried. "Of course. My mind has been made up for more than a week. I told it to

Aunt Fanny last night." "And she?"

"She almost died, that's all," said she unblushingly. "I was afraid to cable the news to father. He might stop me If he knew it in time. A letter was much smarter."

"You dear, dear little sacrifice," he cried tenderly. "I will give all my life to make you happy."

"I am a soldier's daughter, and I can be a soldier's wife. I have tried hard to give you up. Paul, but I couldn't. You are love's soldier, and it is a-a relief to surrender and have it over with."

They fell to discussing plans for the future. It all went smoothly and airily until he asked her when he should go to Washington to claim her as his wife. She gave him a startled, puzzled look.

"To Washin'ton?" she murmured, turning very cold and weak. "Youyou won't have to go to Washin'ton, dear. I'll stay here."

"My dear Beverly, I can afford the trip," he laughed. "I am not an absolute pauper. Besides, it is right and just that your father should give you to me. It is the custom of our land. She was nervous and uncertain.

"But but, Paul, there are many things to think of," she faltered. "You mean that your father would

not consent?"

Well-he-he might be unreasonable," she stammered. "And then there are my brothers, Keith and Dan. They are foolishly interested in me. Dan is good enough for me So does Kelth. And father, too, for that matter-and mother. You see, It's not just as if you were a grand and wealthy nobleman. They may not understand. We are southerners, you know. Some of them have peculiar Ideas about"

"Don't distress yourself so much, dearest," he said with a laugh "Though I see your position clearlyand it is not an enviable one.

"We can go to Washin'ton just as soon as we are married," she compromised. "Father has a great deal of lafluence over there. With his help behind you you will soon by a power in the United"- But his hearty baugh checked her enger plotting "It's noth-Ing to laugh at, Paul," she said.

I beg your pardon a thousand times. I was thinking of the disappointment I must give you now. I cannot live in the United States never. My home is here I am not born for the strife of your land. They have soldlers enough and better than 1. It is in the turing lent sust that we shall five you and Toors came into her eyes.

"Am I not to be go leack to Washin'ton . She tried to amile.

"When Prince Puntan says we may DATE THE

"Oh, he is my frient," she cried in great renef of own get my favor I ask of him. On. Paul, Paul, I know that my folia will think I'm an awful fool, but I can't help it I shall let you know that I intend to be a blissful one.

He kissed ber time and again out there in the dark, nort light of the fairy gretto

"Before we can be married, dearest, I have a journey of some importance to take," he automiced as they arose to leave the bower belief.

"A Journey ? Where?"

To Vienna I have an account to mettle with a man who have had taken suffer a Sh will be a self-wife. no fear for the My wound is brosset, here as she pleased I would be pleased in her please. SOUTH THE

would be as he said.

ready to ery out invitual the injustice of it all. The little frown was porwould brunk down this ernel barrier that kept Baldos from the helds over he his wife were not in the least dulled by these reflections.

The doors to the great banquet hall were thrown open at last, and in the disorder that followed she wondered who was to lead her to the feasting. The Duke of Mizrox claimed the Princess Candace.

"I am to have the honor," said some one at her side, and the voice was the one she least expected to hear utter the words. The speaker was the man who deserved the place beside Yetive, Prince Imptan himself.

Bewildered, her heart palpitating with various emotions, she took his arm and allowed herself to be drawn wonderingly through the massive doors. As they entered, followed by the brilliant company, the superb orchestra that Beverly had so often en joyed began to play the stirring "Hands Across the Sea." 'The musiclans themselves seemed to have caught the universal feeling of joy and mirth that was in the air and played as if inspired, their leader bowing low to the young American girl as she passed. It was his affectionate tribute to her. Prince Dantan, to her amazeeent, led her up the entire length of flight. ire banquet hall to the head of the coynt table, gorgeous with the plate of bundred Graustark rulers, placing her on his left and next to the slightly raised royal chairs. Candace was on the picture of happiness. his right. Beverly felt dizzy, weak. She looked ingly diffident. Her door was not far helplessly at Prince Dantan. His smile was puzzling. As if in a daze she saw Grenfall Lorry with the Countess Yeomne standing exactly opposite to arm. Then she turned to face him, her her he with the others, awaiting the appearance of the princess and the one who was to sit beside her.

The music ceased, there was a hush over the room, and then Yetive came, the hall. Heavens, I am the happiest forward, magnificent in her royal being in all the world. It has turned roles, smilting and happy. A tall man out as I have prayed it should." in the uniform of an exalted army offi cer stood beside her, gold braid and bejeweled things across his breast. Beverly turned deathly white, her figure stiffened and then relaxed.

It was Baldos!

She never knew how she dropped into the chair the servant held for her. She only knew that his dark eyes were smiling at her with love and mischief in their depths. There was a vague, uncertain sound of chattering; some one was talking engerly to her, but she heard him not. There was a standing toast to the Prince of Dawsbergen. Then the audacious ghost of Baidos was proposing a ringing response to the Princess Yetive; the orchestra was playing the Graustark and Dawsbergen national hymns. But it was all as a dream to her. At last she heard Candace calling to her, her face wreathed in smiles. Scores of eyes seemed to be looking at her, and all of them were full of amusement.

"Now, say that a girl can't keep a secret," came to her cars from the radiant sister of Dantan. Rayons, at her side, spoke to her, and she turned to him dizzily

"Then it became necessary, by royal summed, for me to be Prince Pontan. May I have the honor of introducing shall be no other thin he hereafter His rich, full military costume gave, Duntan, at last in his proper pines heable the Princess of Compract, in see he. Bug. strengthened into a dearer relationship before many days have tussed:

"You must remember." Beverly said in reply to one of Ravone's sallies, affinanced wife "that Americans are not in the least

awed by Europe's greatness. It has come to the pass when we call Europegratulations to the joyous country. The of spending the rest of my life in a rope as we go to the circus or the county fair at home. It so't much more trouble, you know, and we must Prince Duntan who gives in hand tale! "Alas, poor Europe?" be imighed. As

be strolled about with her and Candace be pointed out certain men to her.

asking her to fax her memory in the effort to recall their faces if nor their apparel. She readly recognized in the lean, tired faces the men she had not first at the lun of the Hawk and Ha "They were engapoints than Miss Callison Nov they are palicence. appermist in her hand eller the too. "You forget that History is only a grant." he said house, "The is a community moverflations " she of spirator, it proper to the fact casts evergane all also to the rock ribbed casts. The spirators will be marked to the spirators bear a spirators bear and the spirators bear and the

planse of the life to come. She was choice. There is one present, a trusten friend of your beautiful princess and lovingly called in your hearts Beverly tentous of deep laid designs. She of Granstark. Whose example more worthy for me to follow than that of the Princess Yetive? With whom could which prejudice alone held sway. Her I better share my throne and please love for him and her determination to you more than with your beloved American protege? I ask you to drink a toast to my betrothed, Beverly Calhoun, the future Princess of Dawsbergen."

Every glass was raised and the toast drunk amid ringing cheers. The milltary band crashed out the air so dear to all Americans, especially to south ern hearts. Beverly was too overcome to speak.

"You all"- slie excluimed.

There was a tremendous commotion in the gallery. People were standing in their sonts half frightened and imused, their attention attracted by the unusual scene. A portly negress totally unconscious of the sensation she was causing, her feet keeping time to the lively strains of music, was frantically waving a red and yellow bandanna handkerchief. It was Aunt Fanny, and in a voice that could be heard all over the banquet hall she shouted: "Good Lawd, honey, ef der ain't playin' 'Away Down South In Dixie! Hooray! Hooray!" . .

Hours later Beverly was running. confused and humbled, through the halls to her room, when a swifter one than she came up and checked her

"Beverly!" cried an eager voice. She stackened her pace and glanced over her shoulder. The smiling, triumphant face of Baldos met her gaze. The upper hall was almost clear of people. She was strangely frightened, distressaway, and she would have reached it in an instant later had he not laid a restraining compelling hand upon her lips parted in protest. "Don't look at me in that way!" he cried imploringly "Come, dearest, come with me. can be alone in the nook at the end of

She allowed him to lead her to the darkened nook. In her soul she was wondering why her tongue was so pow erless. There were a hundred things she wanted to say to him, but now that the moment had come she was voiceless. She only could look helplessly at him. Joy seemed to be paralyzed within her. It was as if she slept and could not be awakened. As she sank upon the cushion he dropped to his knee before her, his hand clasping hers with a fervor that thrilled her with life. As he spoke her pulses quickened and the blood began to race furiously.

"I have won your love, Beverly, by the fairest means. There has never been an hour in which I have not been struggling for this glorious end. You gave yourself to me when you knew I could be nothing more than the humblost soldier. It was the sacrifice of love. You will forgive my presumption -my very taso ence, dear one-when I tell you that my soul is the forfelt I pay. It is yours through all eternity. I love you I can give you the riches of the world as well as the wealth of the heart. The vagabond dies: your You first knew me as Rayone, Miss poor lumble follower gives way to the Calhoun," he was saying gentally supplicating prince. You would have lived in a cot as the guardsman's wife. You will take the royal palace inatend."

Beverly was herself again. The spel Christobal of happ Thomas and 1 was gone. Her eyes swam with happiness and love. The suffering her pride The friendship that bands are to Prairie had sustained was swept into a heap labeled rumance, and she was rejuic-

"I hated you tomight, I thought," she "The Princess Conduce censes to be looked as though you had played a his sister," volunteered the looke of trick on me. It was mean, dear, I Mixrox . She is and bong has been his couldn't help thinking that you had used one as a plaything and it-it Enchanted and confused over all that made me furious. But it is different baid occurred in the last few moments. Bow I see, dr. so plainly. And just as Boverly imminuted her houriful con I had resigned myself to the thought orchestra had again rensed playing cottage, away anticle the pale of this All eyes furned to Buildes the real glorious life! Oh, it is like a fairy

"Your rotal highness halfs and trick dear one. There was no assur-"All, but it was not altogether a Scattlemen. Graustiers and payaber lance that I could regain the thronenot matil the very last. Without It 1 should have been the begins instead of the prince. We would have fived in a Boyd, efter all. Fortime was with me, I describ you for months, Reverlyhigh a r. I thust tell you that the princome has known for many days that I and I common I told her the truth when Christolal came that day with the news it was all well enough for me

Also the edicir court has known."

promotive personalities. Vom have not

Ste lateral forward unsteading, and

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ways serve your incliness."

"Your highwess!" she murmured re flectively. Then a joyous smile of realization broke over her face. "Isp't it wonderful?

"Do you think your brothers will let me come to Washington now?" he ask ed teasingly.

"It does seem different, doesn't it?" she murmured, with a strange little smile. "You will come for me?"

"To the ends of the earth, your high

THE END.

The Name In the Bat.

In the fiftles of the last century there were two young lawyers, Gould and Robinson, practicing in the court at Wiscasset, the shire town of Lincoln county. Me. who were noted for their keen wit and ingentity in examining witnesses and also for their many se vere thrusts at each other. On one occasion, when Robinson had

finished an unusually able argument for his client, containing some stinging allusions to the opposing counsel, Gould, by whom he was followed and who retaliated, Robinson was seen to take a card, write something on it, take a card, write something on it, which was later found to be the Latin Yakima Valley Nurser words caput vacuum (empty head), and drop it into Gould's but on the table. Gould's curiosity sent him immedi-

ately to investigate. Going to the table, he took the card from his hat, and, loud enough to be beard all over the courtroom, he read, "Caput vacuum." Turning to the Judge, he said, "Your honor, I claim the protection of the court" The judge replied, "You may state your case.

Gould unswored: "My case is this. our house: I see my brother at my (b) to a placed his name in my hat. of what can be his motive if not to falm it as his own? I claim your pro-The judge, with his face all smiles.

asserts! "Mr. Gould, you shall be mensegget "- Poston Herald.

Apples for England.

England is importing on an average a little over 150,000 bushels of apples per week. They come from the United States and Canada. Those from Oregon bring the bighest prices. my the only out it was for the best. The best qualities bring \$3.65 a box current of my bonor and dignity, ordinary samples. \$2.90. These fare good prices, considering that a box contains only a bushel. The California apples are selling at \$2.45 a box for best and \$1.95 for ordinary grade It would have been unperdomable to harrels of about 140 pounds. The best And money flies with it un range in value is from \$5,30 to \$6,78 less you start a Bank Ac And she has known for a week?" a barrel; ordinary, from \$4.35 to \$4 50 Nova Scotian apples sell from count early in life and make \$6.05 to \$6.78 a barrel. Ordinary a habit of saving money As hand as the property. Thank sources, bring from \$4,60 to \$5.82 a Canadian apples, from various that I was your leve as a vagabond, barrel In these lines the Wagners received with equal cordial are the cheapest, and the russest ity at The Grants Pass and that you will go to my castle with the dearest. Some of the latter sell for \$5.18 a barrel.

ster cost her fide man her eyes of bottle of Ballard's Herebound Syrop, at all times, Come Minimum and Land to the many and Land to the many and the many an

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